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E.W. Bronscombe 30208

Northern Messenger

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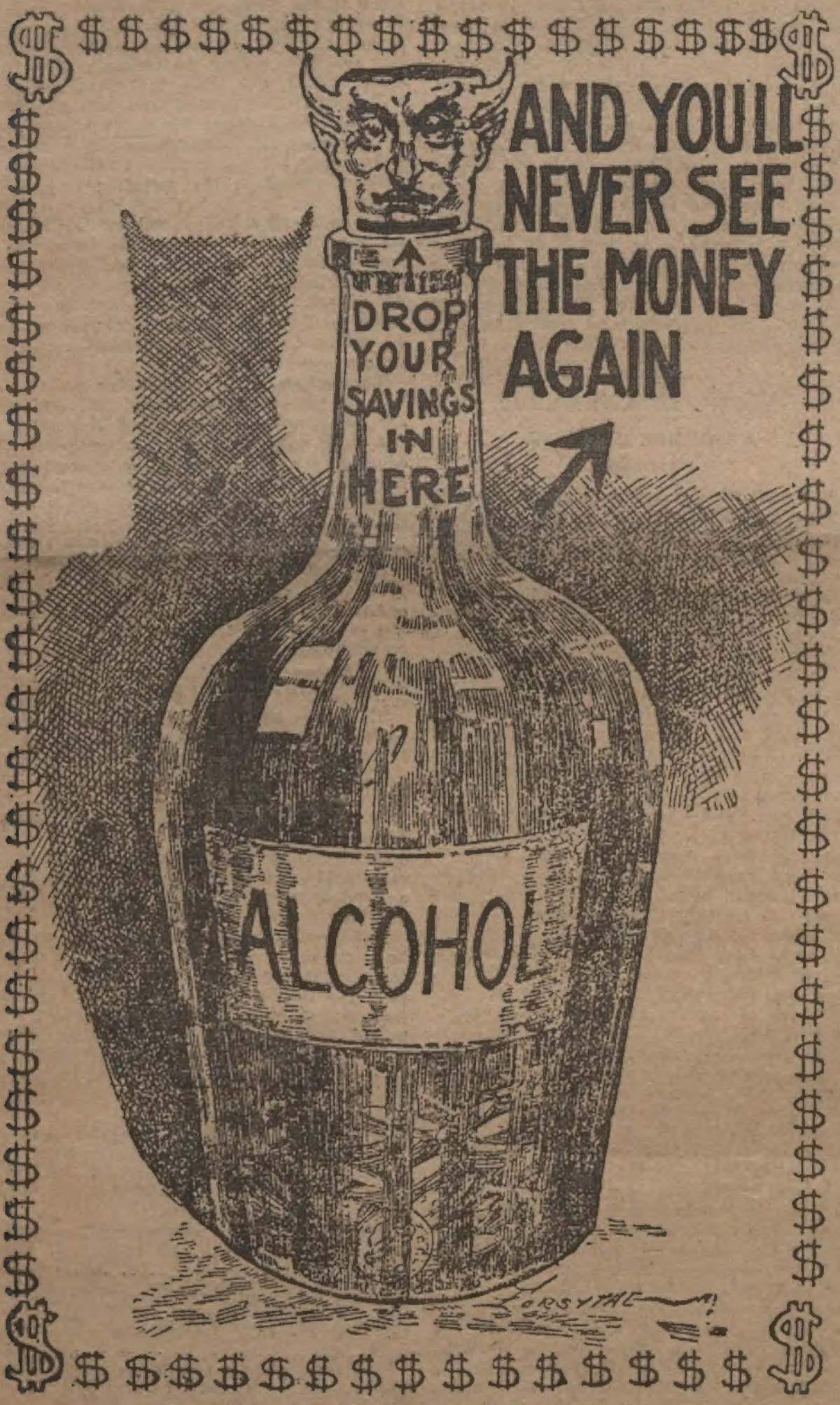
'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

The Biggest and Safest Bank---and the Worst.

(From the 'New York Journal.')

This editorial is a picture, and calls for only a few words. Readers experienced, thoughtful and anxious to advise young people wisely, will, we believe, cut this picture out and use it more than once. It's a picture of the greatest depository for money, for savings of all kinds, in this world. More savings, more earnings are dropped into this alcohol bank each year than into any ten banks or a hundred banks on earth.



Tens of millions, hundreds of millions and thousands of millions of dollars of the wages and savings of men and women are dropped into this bottle-bank every single year.

This isn't a prohibition sermon. It isn't any preaching or effort on the part of a newspaper or an individual to control the habits or wishes of others.

This is simply intended to make you THINK FOR YOURSELF AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.

Here's the bottle, HERE'S THE BIG BANK. The money that goes in there STAYS in there. The habit of putting money into THIS bank grows on you all the time.

You begin by depositing a dime each day, and you are very apt soon to find yourself depositing a dollar each day, and then two dollars. And not long after that you are apt to find that you no longer have the two dollars, nor the one dollar, nor even the dime to deposit.

All the money that you have deposited stays just where you put it, in the alcohol bank. It will never come out again, and you'll never see it again.

They say saving is a habit like all other habits. So it is. And drinking is a habit, and putting money into this particular BANK is a habit. Some all their lives have found it practically a harmless habit. Some have found it meant bitterness, sorrow, hopelessness.

Say in a friendly way to some young man: 'Here's the bank; look at it. How much have YOU put in there already? How much more are you going to put in?

'What could you do to-day if you had back your money that is in there now, MONEY THAT WILL NEVER COME OUT? What could you have done with the time that was wasted on your visits to this bottle-bank?'

What Alcohol Does to the Brain.

(The 'World Magazine.')

Can you see the ruins of a soul under the microscope? You can if it is a ruin wrought by alcohol. You can see the burned out cinders of the brain as plainly as you can the ashes you knock from your pipe. Dr. Ira Van Giesen, New York's official brain pathologist, showed them to a 'World' reporter. It was the day after Dr. S. T. Armstrong, Superintendent of Bellevue Hospital, New York, had issued his annual report, in which he states that more than 40 percent of the patients in the psychopathic wards are suffering from insanity due mainly to the drink habit and that 10 percent of all the cases of insanity there are due entirely to that cause.

It was to make clear just what alcohol does to the material brain, what changes it brings about to dull the intelligence and blind the morality of the drinking man, that Dr. Van Giesen gave up one of his afternoons for the benefit of those who may be curious to know exactly what is happening to them when they sip the tempting draught.

'The human brain and the nervous system which it controls,' said Dr. Van Giesen, 'may be compared to the electric street car system of a great city. Out in the suburb, we'll say, is the main great power house. Proceeding from it and extending to the uttermost parts of the city are feed wires which distribute power to lesser stations; and these in their turn, control the various lines within their districts. The main power house is the brain, the feed wires are the principal nerves and the lesser power stations are the little subsidiary brains or bundles of nerve cells—like the solar plexus—each of which controls a certain area of the body.

'Now every feed wire, the great trunk lines

of the main power house which run the cars, as well as the little ones which light the desk lamps of the general manager and his assistants, is adapted to transmit a certain amount of energy and no more. If the capacity of a wire is exceeded, if it is called upon to deliver at a certain point more energy than it was intended to carry, the wire will 'burn' out at that point. Similarly, if the main power house sends more energy to any subsidiary station than that station was built to distribute safely the machinery of the lesser station itself will suffer; and if it is thus persistently overworked it will become permanently disarranged and useless. Little by little the contact end of every overburdened wire will become disintegrated and the disintegration will gradually extend until the wire refuses to perform its mission and the energy of the power house can no longer reach the point which needs it.

'So with the brain. It is endowed with the power of generating a mysterious force. We do not know what it is, but we know that this force governs the functions of the body and that, under normal conditions, only enough of it is carried along any one nerve fibre to supply the tissues through which it passes; so that, for example, if you cut off your finger, the stump of the finger needs only the services of the stump of its own particular nerve to keep it alive. Science calls this mysterious force neuron energy.

'And right here, though it has no direct bearing on our subject, I must tell you a wonderful thing. If at the moment when we amputate a limb, and its nerve along with it, we could arrest and transmute into some known form the neuron energy which the knife suddenly interrupted in its accustomed flow—if we had an instrument sensitive enough to determine the nature of the surplus energy thus suddenly released—we should be close to solving the riddle of life itself. That flash of ineffable force from the severed end of the nerve—that spark of the severed wire—may some day yield up the secret which has seemed too sacred even for science to explore.

'Well, to get back to alcohol,' continued Dr. Van Giesen. 'Let me say again that the human feed wire is not fashioned to transmit more energy than is needed along its length, and that if it is forced as alcohol forces it to carry more than that, it will 'burn out' at the end, and that if this excess demand upon the nerves is continued the corrosion will extend until the nerve is paralyzed, or partially so.

'Now, just as the great power house in the Bronx not only drives the street car at Bowling Green, but also generates power for its own lights and ventilating fans and the dainty electroliers in the manager's office, so the brain not only controls the remotest functions of the body, but also provides neuron energy for its own most intricate and complex workings—the orderly marshalling of thought, the recording of impressions and the illumination of all with the transcendent faculty of the moral sense. Disarrange these functions and the result is insanity. And the effect of overtaxing the nerve centres which control the brain itself is precisely the same as upon those which govern the bodily functions—they become burned out; and what I have shown you through the microscope is the ashes of these beautiful organs, burned out by overstimulation with alcohol.

'Of course, every smallest exercise of the brain tends toward its destruction, but in the normal person nourishment and restoration go on faster than the burning out process. But alcohol does not nourish; it is a spur, a whiplash. When you drink you are not getting up more steam by feeding the fire; you are burning out the fire under forced draught. You are trying to do that foolish thing of getting something for nothing.

(Continued on page 10.)

Religious News.

The recent affrays in Calcutta between Hindus and Mohammedans are one more proof that the tension of feeling between the two communities is becoming more and more acute, and emphasizes the necessity of permanently providing against the recurrence of such untoward incidents. That fracases of this sort seriously interfere with business is undeniable. It is equally true that the innocent suffer for the sins of designing persons. Time and again attempts have been made to reconcile these two large sections of the Indian population; but the differences have not been sunk. Why? Because evidently there is no love lost between the two classes. We would suggest the appointment of a committee to investigate into the causes of these yearly outbreaks, and to find out the best means of bringing about peace between the divided communities. It is plain from what has hitherto taken place that British Government is the only security for peace and tranquillity in this country. The moment John Bull leaves these shores chaos would reign in India. Pax Brittanica is not appreciated as it ought to be, for the simple reason that we are not able to recognize the worth of any benefit till it has gone.—'Moslem Herald.'

The immediate opening of work in a new field has been decided on. This makes the third field of the society and is situated in western India, while the other two, it will be remembered, are in northern India, one in the Panjab and the other in the United Provinces. The new field comprises the Karjat Taluk of the Ahmednagar district and the Karumala Taluk of the Sholapur district. The work is to be commenced by sending there the Rev. Savalramjee Salve, who has been for nine years pastor of the Ahmednagar first church. His support is guaranteed by the church which he now leaves to go out to the mission field. Immediate appeals are being issued to secure a qualified Indian missionary to take charge of the mission. A fourth field has also been selected to be worked on behalf of the Mar Thoma Syrian Church. It is in the southern borders of the Nizam's dominions. The Syrian community has already forwarded Rs. 510 as its first instalment toward the cost of this mission.—'Indian Witness.'

Work in Labrador.

A TRIUMPH OF TRUST.

(Concluded.)

'Now let me look at the lump you complain of, Isaac, and you tell me just how it all happened.

'Is it very tender?' feeling his way gradually round it. 'Where do you feel the worst pain?'

'Here, sir,' indicating a certain spot, 'it's terrible sharp there, Doctor, when it comes, it nigh tears me to pieces. I has to scream with the pain sometimes or I think I should go mad with it. When I were on the steamer it took me in the middle of the night an' I thought I was goin' to die straight away, I did so. The man what is sort o' nurse on the boat he were most afeared to watched me, he thought as how I was goin' to peg out in front of his eyes. But I told him he hadn't nothing to be feared of, I weren't scared to die if my time had come. You see, sir, I been servin' o' the Lord these twenty years, an' I knew he weren't agoin' to fail me when I needed him most. But anyway the pain passed off again an' I aren't felt much since.'

Several other questions were asked and answered evidently to the Doctor's satisfaction. He smiled reassuringly as he rose to go. 'We will hope to improve things, Isaac, anyway,' he said, kindly.

'That is an operation then, Sister,' was the verdict as soon as they were out of the man's hearing. 'We must do it as soon as possible. To-morrow, if he consents, I would like him to be ready, please.'

Isaac gave his consent willingly. 'Anything you thinks best, Doctor, I'm quite satisfied. I knows I can't live long with a lump like that, so I'm just in your hands. Only there's one thing I'd like for you to do, sir, write a letter to my Beckie and tell her I'm bad and have got to have an operation. Tell her if it's God's will I hope to get better, but I'm quite happy either way. Of course I'd like to have my health agin and see her and the children, but if not, well—' and he hesitated 'you knows how to put it, Doctor, and I'm a-hindering of you all this time; all I wants to say is that God is standin' by and I'm not afeared with Him.'

'That's good, Isaac,' was the response. 'He has never failed us yet, but it must give Him pleasure each time we prove anew our confidence in Him. Beckie shall have a letter, and all being well I'll hope to do something for you to-morrow.'

It was early the next morning, and the Sister was busily engaged in the operating theatre when the ward maid came in somewhat hurriedly.

'Sister, Isaac says can he see you for a minute?'

'Yes, of course,' and entering the ward she found Isaac lying very quietly with his eyes closed; but he looked up pleased when he heard her come in.

'Sister,' he began nervously, 'I've got a very weak heart for things to do with cuttin', and I don't want to see nothin' aforehand if it can be helped.'

'All right, Isaac, you need have no fear of seeing anything, I assure you. All good things are worth keeping secret for a time, you know,' she added with a smile.

The fisherman smiled, too, as he answered: 'That's right, Sister, it's like telling the tricks of the trade as you might say. Well, I has great faith in the Doctor and you doin' your best for me, but I didn't want to see any of the tackle.'

There was much of the human in him, but much of the divine, too. His natural anxiety turned to the visible, but his strong faith turned to the invisible but nevertheless to him real Presence of the Christ. That Presence waited with him; that Presence went with him at the hour of trial, and its quieting influence was but the touch of the Man of Sorrows, 'who knows us and loves us and understands.'

What passed in the operating theatre he never knew.

An hour and a half passed before the Doctor came out, but when he did there was a look of satisfaction on his face, and a tone of relief in his voice. His diagnosis had proved correct, the patient had undergone the ordeal well, evidencing no sign of collapse, and altogether the operation promised to be an eminent success.

Time slipped by as the Sister waited for him to recover consciousness, and suddenly she was surprised by the sound of singing.

A very weak sound, but nevertheless the sound of song rather than the wearied moan she was accustomed to hear at such times.

She listened to the words, somewhat indistinctly uttered, but they seemed like a hallelujah from some unseen choir.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus . . .
Safe on His gentle breast. . .'

And then the voice ceased for a minute. She caught it up, humming the tune so that he might hear.

'There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.'

Slowly his eyes opened, and a smile shone on the wan face. It was the amen to his faith, and like a benediction to the hospital ward.

. . . . . .

The operation proved most successful. Three weeks passed, and the man who had such strong and practical faith was equally in earnest as a workman, lending the Doctor a hand at carpentering, or painting, in fact anything in which he could be useful.

And no matter where he was found or what he was doing, he always had a smile on his face, and if it was remarked on, his reply was ever the same—'Well for sure I've got no reason to do naught else; if a Christian man isn't happy, well—his Christianity isn't much good to him or anybody else, I'm thinkin'.'—May Simpson, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Guy Duncan, Hanley, Sask., 30cts.; One Interested, Fordwich, Ont., $3.00; Total..	$ 3.30
Received for the cots:—M. C. S., Eastman, Que., $1.00; S. M. S., Eastman, Que., 25cts.; 'An Elderly Lady,' Kenton, Man., $1.00; Total..	$ 2.25
Received for the komatik:—The Misses Emily and Annie Carter, New Liskeard..	$ 1.50
Previously acknowledged for all purposes..	$ 393.43
Total on hand June 9..	$ 400.43

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1909.

Paul's Second Missionary Journey—Antioch to Philippi.

Acts xvi., 6-15. Memory verses 9, 10. Read Acts xv., 36—xvi., 15.

Golden Text.

Come over into Macedonia and help us. Acts xvi., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 28.—Acts xv., 36-41.
Tuesday, June 29.—Acts xvi., 1-15.
Wednesday, June 30.—II. Cor. ii., 12-17.
Thursday, July 1.—Phil. i., 1-15.
Friday, July 2.—Phil. ii., 12-23.
Saturday, July 3.—Isa. lxv., 17—lxvi., 2.
Sunday, July 4.—John x., 9-16.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday's lesson was the temperance lesson, of course, but who can tell me what we studied the Sunday before? We had review, and what man did we study most about in that review? Paul. He had been travelling about from city to city on his first missionary journey, giving something to everyone who wanted it. What was it that Paul was giving away? The good news of Jesus Christ and what He had done for everybody. Did it pay Paul, and make him very rich to go around preaching like this? Then why did he do it? Because he loved Jesus and he loved the people, too. He had travelled quite a long way on that first journey, and then he came back again to Antioch from where he had started out. Did he say 'There now, I have done a lot. I am going to settle down here and be comfortable'? No, in our lesson to-day we find him arranging with Barnabas about going off on another long missionary journey. But Barnabas didn't go with Paul this time; he started out with his nephew, John Mark, and Paul went another way with a man called Silas. Did they go to the station and buy a ticket and go on a train as you would do? No, for they had no trains then and it was very difficult to go about from town to town, because, for one thing, bands of robbers used often to hide along by the roads and steal from the people that passed by. Paul says that he was often in danger from such robbers (II. Cor. xi., 26), and he also tells about the other difficulties and dangers he had to go through. But while he was in Antioch he began to think that perhaps the Christians that he had left in the heathen cities through which he had passed would be growing discouraged, and perhaps forgetting what it really meant to be a Christian, so he felt he must see them and help them. Then there were so many others who had never heard of Jesus, and he wanted them to know. Of course, he knew that he couldn't tell everybody, but he meant to do all that he could; so out he set on a second missionary journey.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lesson of to-day has points of very special interest. Not one, now, but two missionary companies are out on the great work of the church. Also, in the tenth verse of the lesson, we find the first use of that word 'we' which indicates that the author of the book of Acts has now joined the party. But the chief point is in the fact that the gospel is now carried over into the continent of Europe through the port of Neapolis and the city of Philippi. God's guidance of his messengers is evident all through the account; not more definitely in the direct vision accorded to St. Paul, than in the undescribed hindrances that kept the party from entering other fields of work. It is of the greatest interest in connection with the establishment of the church in Philippi to read the epistle to the Philippians written by Paul some ten years later from his prison in Rome. The class of earnest, loving, Christians that formed this church, the deep affection Paul bore them, his familiar friendship with and personal knowledge of the various members are abundantly evident in the four short chapters that make up the epistle. Timothy, whom Paul mentions with such commendation in this letter (Phil. ii., 19-23), joined the apostle on this very missionary journey (Acts xvi., 1) and although Paul doubtless missed the companionship of his former travelling companion, Barnabas, he certainly had a splendid company of helpers in Silas, Timothy, and, for at least a part of the way, Luke.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 9.—In his vision Paul had seen a man from Macedonia standing before him, his hands outstretched appealingly, beseeching him to come into Macedonia. When he reached Philippi, one of the chief cities of Macedonia, where was the man? What did Paul find? Without the city gate, by the river side, he found a prayer-meeting, 'a typical prayer-meeting, too, quite like a modern one,' some one has said, 'for there were none but women there.' In Philippi there were the soothsayers who persuaded the 'multitude' to rise up against him, and there were multitudes of indifferent people. Only a few men and women, Lydia and her household and the jailer and his household and 'the brethren,' were won for Christ at this time. Might not Paul have been excusable in thinking he had mistaken the vision, that he had really not been called at all to Macedonia? If we turn to his letter to the Philippians we find no discouraged note; it is, on the contrary, a joyous letter, full of thanksgiving. The modest beginning he did not despise; the ultimately great result he did not question, for he was working with God. The church at Philippi was the first Christian church in Europe. What have been the results in Europe and in the United States and throughout the world that have come from that and other small beginnings made by Paul on the European Continent?

Other Men from Macedonia. Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell is one of God's noblemen. He heard the cry of the poor fishermen in Labrador saying, 'Come over and help us.' He left everything to obey the call. When he reached them they did not know they had sent for him. They were indifferent and apathetic, but great indeed was their need. Soon after reaching Labrador Doctor Grenfell went overland with a dog train to care for the sick. A friend who was helping him started for the same place in a sailing boat. It was almost dark when Doctor Grenfell reached the place, and he was greatly surprised not to find his friend already there. He asked the natives if they had seen anything of a boat. Yes, there had been one not far away at noon. Did it seem in distress? he asked. Well, perhaps it was, they had heard a man shout, but perhaps he was only fishing. Doctor Grenfell started out in a boat and succeeded in rescuing his friend, whose rigging had broken and who was almost spent in his efforts to reach the land. These 'men of Macedonia' had had no interest in the man whom their need had sent for, they had given themselves no concern lest the one who was coming to help them should lose his life in the effort.

'The Macedonian man represents a large population,' said Dr. Joseph Parker. 'If the Church could have its eyes opened to-day, it would see every unevangelized country and every land in sore strait or difficulty typified in this Macedonian man. From every land "they call us to deliver their souls from error's chains."'

God calls us through ability.—Gail Hamilton.

To know the need should prompt the deed.—Mary Lyon.

What to others are disappointments are to believers intimations of the way and will of God.—John Newton.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Acts xv., 36-41. 1. Not a few writers upon this passage have greatly exaggerated this difference between the two missionaries. It was not 'a quarrel,' it was not 'bitter and angry.' It was not a case 'where neither put in practice the exquisite and humble Christian lesson of putting up with less than his due.' They did not 'part in anger.' Nor is it true 'neither would yield to the other: therefore both were wrong.'

2. On the contrary, would to God that the differences of opinion between good Christians were always settled in as Christian a manner as is presented to us by these two apostles. They give a fine example for us to follow.

3. Paul and Barnabas were among the choicest saints the world has ever known, but they were of different temperaments. The wheels of a watch and an electric motor may each be perfect and useful, and yet be unable to work together in the same machine, while they both help to carry out the purpose of their owner. I can imagine two angels or archangels as working best in different spheres.

4. Therefore the wise and friendly solution of the difficulty between Paul and Barnabas was a separation into two companies, making two missions instead of one, yet in harmony. This is often the only practical solution of difficulties between modern individual Christians and communities of Christians. There need be no more discord than between two families or two schools.

5. It is well for us that this incident is recorded. It shows the human nature of the apostles. It shows what God can do with imperfect instruments. It shows us how we can best treat some of the greatest temptations that assail us in our Christian work.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 4.—Topic—Running a race. I. Cor. ix., 24-27. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 28.—Passion for home. Ps. cxxxvii., 1-6.

Tuesday, June 29.—A patriot's faith. Isa. vii., 1-9.

Wednesday, June 30.—A patriot's tears. Lam. i., 1-12.

Thursday, July 1.—A patriot's struggle. Judg. vii., 15-23.

Friday, July 2.—Higher patriotism. Acts x., 28, 24, 35.

Saturday, July 3.—The abiding country. Heb. xi., 10, 13-16.

Sunday, July 4.—Topic—Patriotism that counts. Neh. iv., 6, 12-18.

The Alexander Column.

The King of Italy is a good judge of art, and on his visit to the Tsar was struck by nothing so much as the Alexander Column before the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. His own capital, as the 'Art Amateur' points out, possesses the famous Trajan and Antoine pillars, besides fifteen great Egyptian monoliths shaped hundreds of years before Moses was born; but the Alexander Column is the largest single stone ever cut and polished by human hands. It is said that when Tsar Alexander I. entered Paris with the allied sovereigns, as a victor, he looked up at the Vendome Column, bearing Napoleon on high.

'God forbid,' the young emperor exclaimed, 'that I should ever occupy so giddy a place! No man is worthy of it. To me it seems profane. I have learned the littleness of even the greatest of mankind.'

After his death his brother, Nicholas I., remembering his words, decided to erect a unique monument to his memory. He gave orders that a shaft 84 feet long should be cut from the granite rock. Impossible as the feat seemed, it was more than accomplished. From the mountain was cleared a stone one hundred feet long, which the literal-minded quarrymaster quickly reduced to the required length.

An eye-witness says that Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy looked at the magnificent shaft wistfully.

Rome is building a huge monument to his grandfather. Will it, when finished, bear comparison with that great granite shaft topped by its bronze figure of Religion, erected to the memory of the Tsar who was great enough to be humble?—'Youth's Companion.'

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

How many people know just how much anything really is worth in this world? Can anybody tell what is the value of a smile? That's a little thing and doesn't cost much, you say, but very often if a smile is set to growing in the right kind of spot it spreads round about in so many directions and brightens up so many places that its value is really beyond being reckoned in any way that we know of. In a Montreal street car the other day there was a business man trying to read his paper in one hand while he hung on to a strap with the other, and right beside him there was quite a small boy with a big parcel and what with the big parcel and the straps being so high, he couldn't even hang on to one at all. So when the car started before he got his feet planted firmly, over he bundled into the tall business man in a way that was quite upsetting. The boy looked up hurriedly expecting an angry word, but all that he got was a big bright smile. That smile spread over the boy's face in an instant and it spread out further on to the faces of the other people that stood around, and, come to think of it, here it still goes spreading out all over Canada into the lives of those who read this column! That's just one smile, and the big business man and the little messenger boy don't know anything about how far it has travelled, either. Wasn't it quite worth while to set it going? Plant your smiles whenever you can and slip in the kind words, too.

Guy Duncan, H., Sask., is the only new member this week.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old and go to school every day. My seat-mate is Hilda Bishop. I have taken the 'Messenger' quite a long while and like it very much. I gave it to two of my cousins at Christmas and they like it. I take music lessons every Tuesday. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have two grandmas, and one of them is here now.

HILDA M. REID.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I promised to tell you about my travels in the 'Old Country.' I had better first introduce you to S.S. 'Kensington.' The latter is a steamer of the Dominion Line. She is a very steady, strong, and well built little steamer. We were on her for twelve days before we reached Liverpool. We went to Hawick, in Scotland, from Liverpool, which is in England. We drove from Hawick to the little village of Ashkirk. This place has no stores in it, but has the mail brought from Hawick, as there is no railway. Our 'manse' was a mile from Ashkirk. It was a beautiful place; the hills and pine-trees making a good back-ground and fore-ground. We had a horse and buggy there, and have had many delightful drives. From Ashkirk we went to Edinburgh. This is a magnificently beautiful city. I could not describe it. You can hardly see it at times because of the fog. It is generally what the inhabitants call 'mizzling,' there. That is a kind of fine, fine rain, which nearly drives the breath out of you. I have only described the beginning of my travels, but will continue some other time. DOROTHY MacMILLAN (age 10).

[Very interesting, Dorothy. We shall be glad to hear more of your travels.—Ed.]

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister and I want to join the R. L. of K. We will do our best to keep the pledge. My sister's name is Gracie, and I have another little baby sister called Muriel. We had lots of snow here in the winter, and it was great fun coasting.

MURDENA CREELMAN.

L. C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received my 'Pansy Blossoms' premium brooch, and I thank you for them. I think they are very nice. The subscribers like the paper very well, for it is a good paper. Grandma has been getting it for 20 years. She would not want to do without it now. I live with my grandma and grandpa. I am learning to knit, and I can milk the cow. Sometimes I feed the hens and we have two peacocks. They are not a bit wild, but they are very proud.

RUTH T. MACDONALD.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I started going to school last Easter, and now I am in the Senior Book, Part II. I live near a pretty lake. I bathe in it in the summer and skate on it in the winter. I had a pet muskrat but our old collie dog killed it one night.

JEAN R. McKAY (age 7).

P. M., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for a year and like it very much, and I hope to keep taking it. I have tried for the 'Pansy Blossoms,' but as this place is small, I could not get them; however, I will keep on trying. We have a canary as a pet which we like very much. We have a lot of hens, and a gram-o-phone which my little brother loves to hear. It is now nearly bedtime, so I think I must close.

GLADYS GLOVER.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As this is my first letter, I do not expect to do extra well. After seeing so many fine drawings and letters the temptation was too strong to resist, so I have come to the conclusion that I must send one of mine. I think the 'Northern Messenger' is one of the finest papers going. I go to Sunday-School quite regularly. They have a library there, and as I am very fond of reading, I enjoy it very much. My father keeps a horse and I have a saddle.

GARDEM THOMPSON.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you about my visit to Wingham. I was visiting with my two aunties. After I had been in Wingham a while my cousins from Hamilton came up. We used to have fine times together. Sometimes we went out fishing and sometimes paddling. The people who lived on either sides of our house had dogs and we used to have great fun with them. Now I think I shall close with a riddle:—What wild animals are allowed in Private Parks?

MARJORIE MALLAGH.

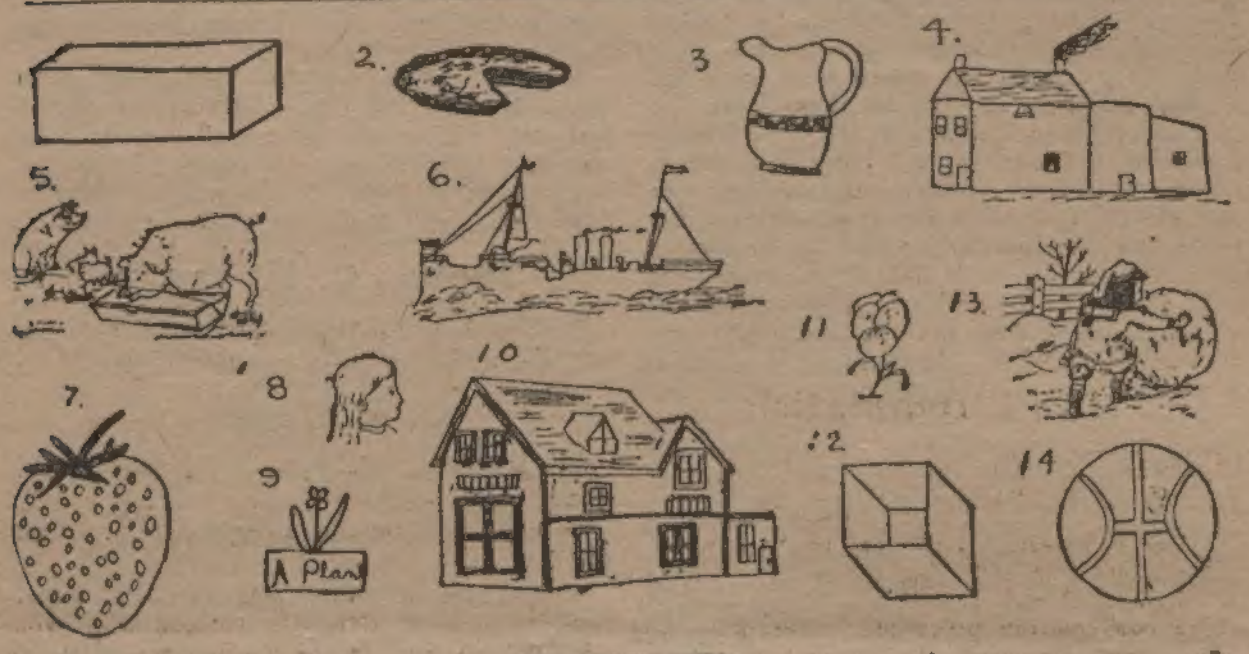
—, ——.

Dear Editor,—I was looking over the 'Messenger' once and saw in it about a white cat that was so elegant that he would jump up and open the door whenever he wanted to go in or out. What do you think of that for a dumb animal? I must tell you about my little black kitten. She used to stay in the barn nearly all the time, but came into the house for some milk once in a while. She always got her milk when the cows were milked in the barn. She would come herself for it every morning. Well, Blackie I called her, slept on the lamb's backs, and she used to sleep actually on the cow's back, too. She was a cute kitten, but she stayed there too long, for one morning my uncle went out and he found her dead where the cows had stepped on her back. I was awfully sorry, for I thought a lot of that kitten. I had a nice dog, too. He was a collie named Bounce, and when I was not down in the morning when he came in, he would come all the way upstairs and stay there until I came down with him. And if I went to a neighbor's house he would scent and find me out, and come right to the house where I was, if I shut him in before I left.

MABEL S. PORTER.

OTHER LETTERS.

We have also received short letters from James Cowie, Toronto; Guy Duncan, H., Sask.; May Chisholm, C. P., Ont.; Mima Frances Heels, V. H., Ont., and Annie Grace Stephen, H., Sask. James sends a very good drawing of a bird. Guy, who is a new member in the R. L. of K., likes to read Dr. Grenfell's letters and sends something to help in his work. Mary's grandpa gives her the 'Messenger,' 'and mamma reads it to me.' Mima has six sisters and two brothers, and Annie has just half as many of both. Annie must be complimented on her writing, she writes both well and neatly.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Box.' Edna Clarkson (age 8), W., Ont.
2. 'Mince Pie.' Bert Craig (age 14), M., Ont.
3. 'A Jug.' Mary Chisholm (age 6), C. P., Ont.
4. 'A House.' Kenneth Fitzgerald (age 6), M., Sask.
5. 'A Precious Lot.' Jennie A. Markell (age 13), S. L., Ont.
6. 'The "Terrible".' Alfred C. Brown (age 11), M. G., Jamaica.
7. 'A Strawberry.' Annie Grace Stephen, H., Sask.
8. 'Girl's Head.' Fannie Smith (age 10), C., P.E.I.
9. 'A Plant.' Daisy A. Webb (age 10), D., Ont.
10. 'A House.' Alma Parker (age 10), S., Man.
11. 'A Pansy.' Lillie Sims (age 7), M. R., P. Que.
12. 'A Box.' Beulah Falkenham (age 8), M. W., N.S.
13. 'Fun for the Children.' Grace Walls, E., Ont.
14. 'Football.' Katie E. MacLeod, P. M., N.S.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Bluecoat.

'Jay! jay! Say! say!' screams Bluecoat, the forest policeman; and all the other birds hasten up to see what the trouble is about. A gray squirrel has stolen one of Bluecoat's acorns that he hid in a crotch of the giant pine, and he is telling all the forest folk what a thief Silver Tail is.

'O never mind,' says the robin; and no sooner have they scattered than Bluecoat slyly flies up to the squirrel's cupboard and helps himself to her store. With all his pilfering, his screaming, and his bragging, Bluecoat is a jolly good fellow. He is not afraid of the cold and the storms, but remains all winter in the northern states. When the ground is covered with a thick white carpet he is very grateful for a bite of suet, a crumb of bread, or a few kernels of corn, if any one is thoughtful enough to remember him with them.

A young blue jay made his home with me for two months one summer, and was the liveliest, most entertaining pet I ever had. How angry he did grow when I placed a mirror in front of him! How he dashed at the jay in the glass and tried to tear him to pieces! He would follow me all over the house and garden and watch with keen interest every kind of work which was being done; but, best of all, he loved to sit on the sewing-machine when it was running, or the typewriter when it was in use.

If I sat down to the piano to sing, the little jay perched on a chair round near, and as soon as he heard one of his favorite songs he joined in with all the airs and graces of a prima donna. He made up his tune as he went along, and enjoyed it as much as I did. —'Child's Hour.'

The Bugle of Right.

(Alphonso Alva Hopkins, in the 'National Advocate.')

Author of 'Profit and Loss in Man,' 'Wealth and Waste,' 'Sinner and Saint,' etc.

O Men of the North and the South!
O Men of the East and the West!
There's a foe to be faced
That is laying in waste,
In our land, of the fairest and best.
Were the call to the fierce cannon's mouth
Ye would answer with rallying cheers;
When the test is of life
And of soul, in the strife,
Will ye falter from cowardly fears?

These are days when the sabres may rust
In their scabbards where long they have hung,
When the cannon are mute
As the strains of a lute
After songs of the singer are sung;
But the war of the Good and the Just,
Against arrogant Evil and Might,
Is demanding of Men
That they rally again
To the call of the Bugle of Right.

By the breath of our God it is blown;
It is calling from sea unto sea
To the leal of our land,
In appeal and command—
Hear it sounding for you and for me.
Shall we answer in love for our own?
Shall we hasten our homes to defend?
Must our Flag of the Brave
Be a sign of the slave
Till our nation in folly shall end?

When the minions of Drink are enrolled
Under banners of lust and of greed,
With a purpose to win
For the succor of sin
And the glory of Wrong and its creed,
Then the yeomen of God must be bold
And unflinching to do and to dare,
As with fervor of hate
For the foe of the State
Into battle His banner they bear.

When the coward would compromise all
For the fleeting success of to-day,
Or a truce would invite
With the foemen of Right,
Or would flee from the fight in dismay,
Then God's yeomen upon Him will call —
For the courage of soul to be true,
And will follow the gleam
Of His purpose supreme,
Though the faithful grow weary and few.

Then the Bugle of Right they shall hear,
Sounding clearly from soul unto soul,
Till with daring of hope
With the foe they can cope,
Striving on for the good and the goal;
And the fainting, who lingered in fear,
By the breath of its call shall be stirred
Till they fly to the front
Of the battle's fierce brunt,
And the cheers of the victor are heard.

When the call to the red cannon's mouth
Over mountain and valley rang wide,
Then the son and the sire
Felt its fervor and fire
In their souls till they answered and died.
Now to men of the North and the South,
And to men of the East and the West,
Comes the call and command
From the Lord of the land,
As it echoes from valley to crest:

'Lo! My people they perish from sin;
And My land it is burdened with lust;
But the few, unafraid,
And the true, undismayed,
Must fight on for the Cause that is just.
In My name if ye battle to win,
In My courage and strength if ye smite,
There shall be no defeat,
For no call to retreat
Can be blown by the Bugle of Right!'

Tim's Temptation.

(Wm. J. Edwards, in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.')

The composing staff of the Sleepybury 'Mercury' was snatching a hasty supper before the final rush for publication, and a desultory conversation proceeded. Scrapeley and Grantham discussed the Sleepybury Choral Union's concert.

'That 'cello solo of Van Strumner's was Al. Let's see, how'd it go?'

Casting his eyes upward among the shafts and belting, Scrapeley beat time with a half-eaten round of bread, and hummed, 'Tee-de-um-to-iddeleyum—— Something like that.'

'Oh, chuck it, chuck it!' groaned a little man with a bald pate, folding his arms over his stomach and writhing in mock agony, crumpling the sporting paper he had borrowed from the editorial sanctum.

A marked and chilly indifference from the musical side of the house met this interruption.

Srapeley descended to ordinary prose. 'But the funny thing was how he managed to play at all. I never saw anybody put away so much 'fourpenny' in half-an-hour before. When he went up, Johnny Robinson walked at back; he was afraid he'd fall and break his neck. But bless you, he played like—well, like an angel.'

'I heard as how a lot of them big pots are alike for that,' said Grantham. 'They can most on 'em do their share.'

'They're bound to do it, my boy,' returned Scrapeley, with the air of an oracle. 'They couldn't keep up with the excitement if they didn't. You can't reckon these chaps with ordinary folk. They're geniuses.'

'I think about as much of Dutch genius as I do of Dutch courage. Neither of 'em's a patch on real stuff.'

This sententious interruption came from Timothy, the teetotaler, dubbed by the wit of the staff 'Teetotim.'

'Obsactly!' sneered the bald sportsman. 'Tim thinks beer's good for nowt. Tim's one of your anti-animals, anti-beer, anti-pubs., anti-sport, anti every blessed thing only psalm-singing and collection-boxes.'

'Tell you what, Tim,' shouted Shortworth, a rubicund, round-bodied individual, 'did you ever know owt tell you its character like beer. Get a good big stone bottle full, and hear what it says when you teem it out, "Gug! Gug! Gug! Gug!' and amid the laughter which followed this jest, he sang:

'Beer, beer, glorious beer!'

'Tim's too blooming skinny to buy beer,' said Scrapeley. 'He's saving up for't wedding.'

'I've not been short of my club money any Monday morning yet,' retorted Tim, quietly.

Reply to this was rendered difficult, as the bell rang, and jugs and boxes were cleared out of the way. Tim overheard Scrapeley remark to Grantham, 'I know if I didn't have a livener when I have a concert on I should scrape as flat as a pancake.'

And as they settled to work, Tim muttered to himself, 'And flat you are, Monseer Scrapeley, in the morning when your hand shakes and your breath smells like a sewer. I don't see why I should worry o'er you any longer!'

This remark came from a much-worried heart. Those fortunate persons who evince a lively interest in the fluctuations of the income-tax, and who receive 'salaries,' not mere 'wages,' can hardly realize what a five-shilling rise means to an artisan. Five shillings a week in Sleepybury represented the rent. Scrapeley and Tim did much the same work, but Scrapeley was 'first hand,' and possessor of the coveted extra money.

Scrapeley was also a 'cellist of no mean order, and was in great demand in musical circles. But the average musical company of a provincial town like Sleepybury has many pitfalls for the unwary. Occasional turns at the theatre, questionable dance engagements, and other events of a like nature had of late caused Scrapeley's appearances at the office to be somewhat erratic, and unpleasant passages had taken place between him and the manager.

This state of affairs caused Tim genuine distress. An ardent advocate of temperance, he had often got on the better side of the impressionable 'cellist, and was not without hope of ultimately winning him. One evil hour there came to him the thought as if it

FREE! A SPLENDID CANADIAN FLAG!

A real Army and Navy quality Flag (best wool bunting) given to every boy or girl who sells twenty copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents each, or who sends us two genuine new annual subscriptions at $1.00, to either the 'Canadian Pictorial' or to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' or who sends five genuine new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger'—addresses may be anywhere in Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs) or in the British Isles or Newfoundland. This is a grand chance to be up and doing to have a good flag to hoist on **DOMINION DAY,** and other national holidays. Larger Flags for more subscriptions. Address Flag Dept., John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal

had been whispered in his ear, 'If Scrapeley gets sacked, you'll get his job.'

The first time the tempter spoke Tim was horrified. He thought he must be very bad for such an idea even to enter his head. The thought, however, came not once, nor twice, but many times, till Tim got quite accustomed to it, argued with it, and, like people usually do who hold parley with the devil, he was finally beaten by it. The consequence was expressed in the remark he made to himself about Scrapeley: 'I don't see why I should worry over you any longer. If you do get sacked, you get plenty of money with your fiddle, and five shillings a week is more to me than to you.'

* * * *

Scrapeley and Tim walked home together in the small hours, and also in most wretched weather. A bitter nor'-easter drove heavy sleet along the streets and against the dark shop fronts. Lanes of light from the gas lamps straggled toward them along the pavement. The dirty runnel which Sleepybury dignified with the title 'river' deserved its name for once, being swollen well over its banks.

As they came upon the bridge, a tall figure rushed from an entry and mounted the parapet. They sprang forward simultaneously, and dragged him to the pavement.

'Let me go! Curse you! Let me go!' he panted.

They answered by pinning him firmly down on the stones. At length he ceased struggling, and they let him rise to a sitting posture against the balustrade. Tim replaced on the man's head a greasy, battered top hat, not improved by an accumulation of mud. Suddenly, with distended eyelids and fixed gaze, he struck at some objects unseen by his rescuers. Then he covered his face with his arms and grovelled on the wet pavement, his whole body trembling and writhing.

'Here's a nice go,' grunted Scrapeley, 'he's got the "blues."'

An anxious glance about convinced them that they were the only persons abroad. The wind lashed them with sleet, and the water roared under the bridge.

'What's to be done,' said Tim, 'we can't leave him. Let's look for the police.'

The man struggled to his feet. The water dripped from his clothing, and his teeth chattered.

'No, don't! No police! Don't let 'em take me!'

The light fell full on his face, and as Scrapeley saw it clearly for the first time, he ejaculated, 'Good heavens! You're—you're not Bowman, Billy Bowman, are you?'

'William Bowman, at your service, sir,' answered the woe-begone figure, with pathetically ludicrous dignity. 'First violin, Cov'nt Garden, Halle's, and provincial orchestras. Haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir. So many old friends you know. Dead on rocks, sir, as you see. May I request the trifling loan of—— Ha! curse you!'

Again came the wild glare and pitiful attempt to shut out some horrible vision, and Tim seized him. Scrapeley appeared dazed. But at this juncture, to Tim's relief, a constable and sergeant appeared, and after sundry explanations the would-be suicide was marched off, and the friends departed homeward.

Scrapeley told Tim Bowman's sad story. It was the only too common one. A clever provincial lad, winning his way by his talent to a front place in the great city, he had lost that place again by his folly of intoxication.

'I mind his mother, poor little body! One dress she'd had in seven years, and butter was a thing kept by for high days and holidays. All to keep yon sot to his fiddle. Well, she's been dead these two years now, and a good job, too!'

During the narrative Tim saw again and again in imagination the figure of the wretched Bowman. Yet not quite the same, for the face persisted in appearing like Scrapeley's.

Their ways diverged at a corner where stood one of Sleepybury's prominent places of worship. On the wall was an announcement board, garnished by two gilt cherubs' heads, their cheeks unduly extended, and raindrops trickling off their snub noses in a way suggestive of influenza. As the two friends paused to say 'good-night,' Tim's glance fell casually on the notice board. In bold characters he saw written the sentence, 'The way of the cross.'

'The way of the cross,' thought Tim. 'Am I going the way of the cross? What about Scrapeley?'

Scrapeley was evidently uneasy, too. 'Tim,' he said, in a halting way, 'I've laughed at you often enough for being teetotal, but if I thought I should ever be such a wreck as that we've seen to-night. Tim, I'd sign teetotal, bless'd if I wouldn't.'

Why was it Tim could not speak? Now was the psychological moment. A word, a little sympathy only was needed. Yet the word would not come.

Like a fussy newly-made policeman, determined to 'move on' everything stationary, the wind came hurtling round the corner. Cherubic teardrops flew off in little dashes of spray. The rain-saturated sheet carrying the announcement was stripped off and borne triumphantly across the street, leaving exposed the subject for the previous Sunday. One word only, it seemed to Tim to be written in letters of fire—'Judas.'

'Judas—thirty pieces of silver—five shillings a week—and what after that?' These and other fragmentary thoughts went whirling through Tim's brain, till the storm in the streets became as nothing compared with the storm in his soul.

But men do not parley long in a wet and windy street at two o'clock in the morning. Tim prayed—and won.

'I'm glad to hear you say that, old man. We shall finish early to-morrow night. Come to our meeting, a temperance meeting, you know; you can sign then.'

* * * *

Tim has not yet got that five-shilling rise. Many months have passed now, and things at the office are much the same, save that Scrapeley is now regular and trustworthy, and has given up his faith in the inspiration of 'John Barleycorn.' Heaven has many ways of rewarding the virtuous, and the least of these is that of worldly prosperity. To gain a friend, to retain one's self-respect, and have the approbation of conscience, are aids to happiness which have no equivalents in material wealth. Tim has all these, and is reckoned by those who know him best to be a fortunate man.

A Cold Water Cure.

(K. S., in the 'Child's Companion.')

Bob had been in a bad temper, and had been a nuisance to everybody all day. He had been rude and insolent to the servant, had made his little sisters cry, and the bigger ones wish he were out of the way; had laughed and jeered at tiny Bessie's efforts at writing, and thumped on the piano at the same time as Susie was playing her little tunes, until they all by common consent would not speak to, or have anything to do with him.

Now Bob did not find much fun when all he did to annoy was taken no notice of, so

at last he went off, greatly offended, slamming the door after him.

It was a very, very hot day, and Bob would much rather have stayed in the cool room, but he picked up his cap and a book and marched out into the garden. The only little bit of shade there Bob found was in the corner where stood the water-butt; on this he climbed and sat down.

The book he had brought was a tale of Indians and their hunting expeditions, and Bob got so excited over it that he forgot the risky sort of seat he was on. In shifting a bit he moved the boards too much to one side.

There was a shout and a yell! Out ran the servant, out ran brothers and sisters, and what they saw was Bob's head and legs sticking up out of the butt. They hauled him up, very wet—but in a much more humble mind.

Afterwards, when Bob made himself disagreeable, it was always suggested he should go and take a seat on the water-butt to cool his temper!

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Priscilla's Letter.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'The Wellspring.')

Priscilla sat puzzling over a letter her sister Irene had brought in with her breakfast tray. It was a cold morning, and Priscilla always had breakfast in her cozy room on such occasions, for the dining-room was apt to be chilly. 'What in the world can Cousin Amanda mean?' she said aloud as she read a few more lines, and then picked up the envelope to look at the address, 'It surely is my letter, for it begins "Dear Priscilla."'

The toast grew stiff and hard and the cocoa cold, as she read the four pages again and again. Once she had her hand on the little silver bell to call in her mother, but she changed her mind and sat staring at the letter with indignant eyes. 'I see it all now,' she said aloud. 'She meant this letter for Priscilla Nelson and directed it wrong. How could she say such mean, hateful, untrue things?'

Again she picked up the offending letter, and read some of the sentences aloud. "'The whole family and all her friends are spoiling Priscilla. They deny themselves necessities to keep her in luxury and the result is that she is losing her fine disposition, her courage and her health. Nothing but a severe lesson will ever help the poor girl out of her morbid state, and teach her that self-pity and the tyranny of an invalid, who should never be an invalid, is nothing but selfishness. I imagine her limb does not cause her any pain any more, but she has grown so self-centred, and exacting, and selfish, during all these months she has shut herself up in her room, that the physical part of her troubles is forgotten.'". Then followed family news and the daily doings of Cousin Amanda's family that might have been written to any friend and relative.

'Why, dear, what was the matter with your breakfast?' asked her mother, coming in just as Priscilla slipped the letter under her couch cushion. 'Let me get you a soft-boiled egg.'

'I don't care for anything, thank you,' said Priscilla.

'Your limb isn't worse, is it?' asked Mrs. Harvey anxiously.

'No, I'm all right, but not hungry. Perhaps I'll want my dinner all the more.'

Mrs. Harvey speedily put the room to rights, stirred up the fire, brought Priscilla's fancywork and a new book to her, changed the water in the vase that held three exquisite roses and then vanished in the direction of the kitchen, leaving her daughter apparently asleep on the couch.

When Priscilla was sure she was alone and the kitchen door shut, she reached for her crutch and peered out into the sitting-room. It was cold and cheerless, for the fire was never started until after dinner, to save fuel, and the shivering girl was glad to go back to her warm room. 'Of course, what Cousin Amanda says isn't true,' she said over and over, as her eyes took in the roses, the soft thick rug on the floor, the books and magazines, the materials for fancy work, and her own exquisite wrapper, all provided by the loving and willing hands of her father, mother, brother, and sister. The Harveys belonged to the great army of people known in America as the 'middle class.' They were neither in deep poverty nor were they prosperous. Mr. Harvey had managed to send his children through high school; that is, Mark and Janet had graduated and Irene would in a few years, while only Priscilla's accident had kept her from school the last year of her course; but as soon as they were graduated they began to look for employment and to take care of themselves and help with the family expenses. Mark had had dreams of college life, but when his sister needed medical care and luxuries his father could not provide, he cheerfully put the dream aside and went manfully to work in a bank at the bottom of the ladder.

The letter haunted Priscilla for several days during which she made several unpleasant discoveries. 'I know what I'll do,' she said at last. 'I'll just show Cousin Amanda that I don't need to have all the money in this family spent on me. Maybe when I'm dead and gone, she'll be sorry she said such unkind things about me.'

Her mother was out that afternoon, so she rapidly made her plans. Her fingers trembled as she hunted far back in her closet for a dress she had never worn, and she rejoiced to see that she could still wear it. It was much too loose for her thin form, but her jacket covered that and she set out with fear lest her courage should fail. It was a fine, mild day, late in February, but her breath came in gasps before she reached the grocery whither her thoughts had been tending, and she rested a little behind some boxes before making her errand known.

'Want to be our cashier! My dear child! Have you lost your wits?' asked Mr. Forbes, regarding her with astonishment and dismay.

'I hope not,' said Priscilla. 'I am sure I can do the work, for there is no walking around connected with it, and I do want the place very much.'

'What do your father and mother say about it?' asked the perplexed gentleman.

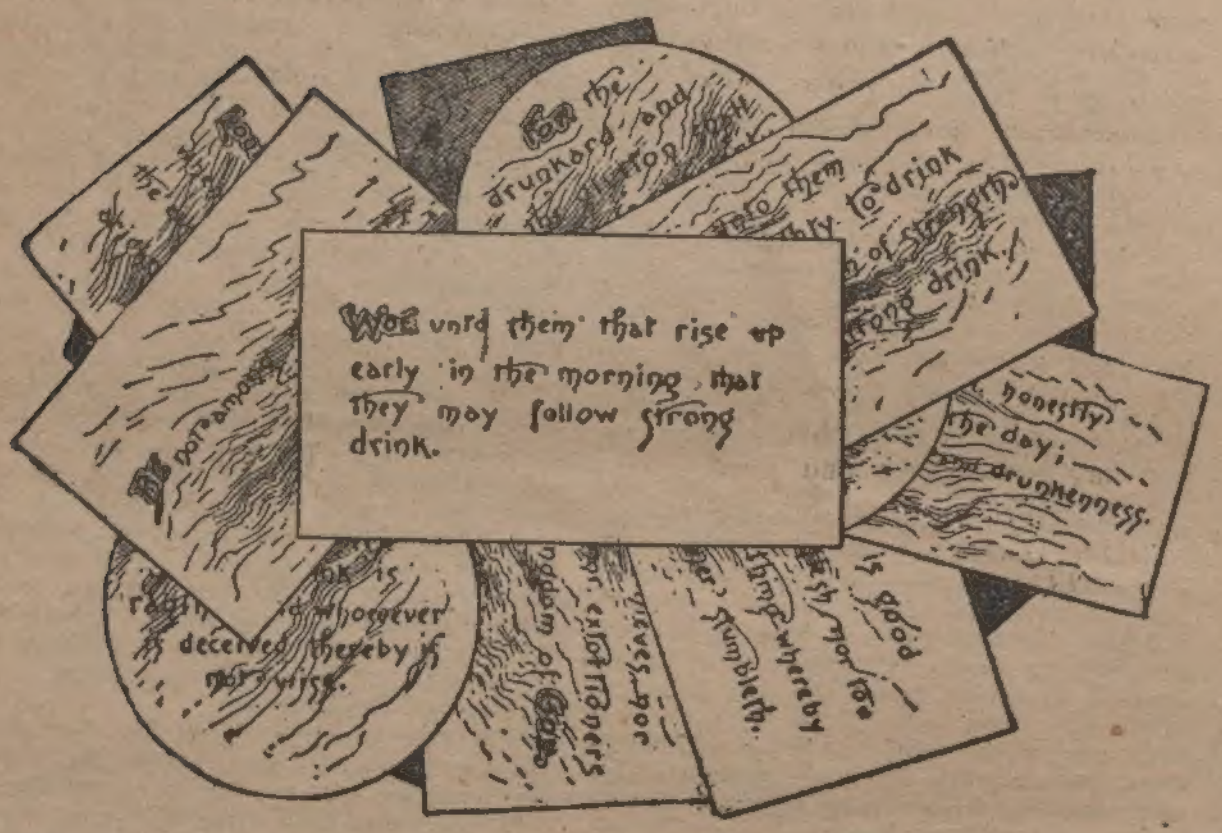
'They know nothing of it. I want to be sure of the place before I tell my plans. Please, please take me, Mr. Forbes. You can't know how much I want it.'

(To be continued.)

Proposed Parade of the Personal Liberty League.

WHO ARE THESE? THESE ARE THE DISTILLERS.
IN ONE CONSUMER DAY'S RUN
AND THESE! WHO DO YOU THINK THEY ARE? WHY THE BREWERS OF COURSE.
FROM THE LOUISVILLE POST
AND THESE PROSPEROUS LOOKING MEN ON HORSEBACK WHO ARE THEY? WHY, THE SALOONKEEPERS.
OF COURSE WE ALL KNOW THAT! THESE POOR DEVILS WHO ARE WALKING ARE THE CONSUMERS.

This pointed cartoon is based upon a newspaper announcement of a proposed parade of the Personal Liberty League of Louisville, Ky. This is the sort of parade the saloon men woould get up every time, if they told the truth.



Have you ev-er heard of a tem-per-ance so-ci-e-ty called the Re-chab-ites? Man-y hun-dred years be-fore our Sav-iour was born, there lived a good man in Is-ra-el named Re-chab. Be-fore he died, his people prom-ised him nev-er to drink wine. They re-peat-ed the prom-ise to his son 'Jon-a-dab. God wished to see if they would keep the pledge, and told Jer-e-mi-ah to place pots of wine be-fore them. 'Drink ye wine,' said the proph-et. But they said 'We will drink no wine: for Jon-a-dab the son of Re-chab our father com-mand-ed us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, nei-ther ye, nor your sons, for-ever.' They did not yield to the re-quest of the proph-et, but all stood firm 'to drink no wine all our days, we, our wives, our sons, nor our daughters.'

May we not call them a tem-per-ance peo-ple, for e-ven the children knew the pledge and kept it. The Lord was much pleased, and He made them a prom-ise: 'Jon-a-dab the son of Re-chab shall not want a man to stand be-fore me for-ever'—And to this day, God loves such good pledges. All who keep good pledges shall stand be-fore God. How is it in your home? God is sure to make that fam-i-ly that teach-es e-ven the lit-tle ones to say, 'We will drink no wine for-ever.' Nev-er be-lieve any one who says that it is no harm to drink wine.—From Picture Leaflets.

Waiting for Dinner.

When one is very hungry,
It's hard to wait, I know,
For minutes seem like hours
And the clock is always slow.

There isn't time to play a game,
You just sit down and wait,
While mother says, 'Be patient,
Our cook is never late.'

It's best when one is hungry,
To think of other things,
For then, before you know it,
The bell for dinner rings.

—Selected.

About a Parrot.

Tales about parrots are nearly as end-less as the poet's brook, which 'goes on forever,' and certainly these birds either have a knack of noticing and comment-ing on what happens near them or they are very lucky in their little re-marks.

A dear old gray parrot lately died, after a long sojourn with different mem-bers of the writer's family. The bird had the doubtfully pleasant gift of imitating the voices of its various mas-ters and mistresses, and it was some-times painful to hear the tones, well known of old, reproduced in startling succession. It also often made such suitable replies that it was hard to be-lieve that these were all matters of ac-cident. On one occasion when I was staying with its last mistress, the parrot was on its stand and the lady desired to move it to its cage.

'How shall we get this bird in?' said its owner, who had often felt the sharp-ness of its beak.

Being less well informed in this mat-ter, I answered, 'I'll put it in fast enough'; and forthwith I laid hold of Mrs. Polly. She was clearly too much taken aback at my boldness to think of biting me at first, but she held on to the bar. 'You must come, Polly,' I said, tugging harder.

Polly held on, turned her head on one side and looked at me with a very bright eye. 'Let me alone,' she said, solemnly, and I left her alone.

On another occasion, when sitting at the midday meal with her mistress, I made the remark that the worst of taking luncheon was that it was apt to make one sleepy. 'Go to bed,' remark-ed the parrot, with the gravity of an elderly physician.

One day its mistress was leaving the hotel, and Polly's cage had been taken down into the hall with the baggage, while the lady awaited the carriage in the drawing-room above. Suddenly she heard her own name called, 'Gertrude! Gertrude!' in higher and higher keys. 'That is Polly,' she thought, and she ran downstairs. There she beheld, seated upon the cage, a very large cat, who was trying to seize the parrot through the bars. Instead of wildly flying about and shrieking, as a com-monplace bird might have done, Polly gathered herself up very small in the middle of the cage, and was calling her mistress to the rescue.

Poor old Polly! it was quite a family calamity when a fit carried her off.—'The Child's Hour.'

June Showers.

(By Emma C. Dowd.)

Jessie and Julia, Josephine and Jane
They all went out for a walk in the rain,
Four umbrellas the quartet owned,
But one was lost and one was loaned;
So under the two remaining ones
They huddled together, and called it fun.
Faster and faster the big drops came,
Till it threatened to rival the flood of

fame;
The roads ran rivers, the paths were filled,
The walkers waded, weary and chilled.
They entered their cottage with lusty cheer.
Drenched and dripping and draggled and drear;
And Josephine and Jessie and Julia and Jane
Agreed they would take no more walks in the rain.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Teddy's If.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'Child's Hour.')

If I were Henry, this I'd do:
I never would get cross or 'blue'!
I'd go to bed when I was told,
I wouldn't ever cry or scold,
I wouldn't, at a picnic, take
The biggest piece of pie or cake,
I wouldn't with the fellows fight,
I'd go right home from school at night,
I wouldn't whistle in the house,
When bringing wood I'd wear my blouse!
I'd do these things if I were he,
I guess I will though—since 'tis me!

The Day Some One Was Naughty.

(Barbara Allen, in the 'Child's Hour.')

If Toby had not been naughty, perhaps Ethel——

Or if Ethel had not been naughty, perhaps Toby——

But I'll begin at the beginning, and let you judge for yourself.

Ethel had been helping all morning. She had carried in the breakfast silver for Jane, piece by piece, each fork and spoon carefully held in her chubby hands, and put them on the table; she had picked up the scattered newspapers in the library, and piled them neatly on a chair, for Jane to take away; she had held the towels while mother gave sister her bath, and had even assisted in adjusting that young lady's wardrobe; and finally, she had gone into the kitchen, where Jane was baking cookies, and had floured the cooky-cutters, and you have no idea how much faster you can cut out cookies when you have a little girl at hand to keep the cutters nicely floured. So when Jane gave Ethel a fat, brown cooky for herself, she felt that she had earned it and a much-needed rest. So she trotted down to the bench back of the house.

Of course she was glad to see Toby. She was always glad to see Toby. And to-day Toby seemed especially glad to see her. He jumped up on the bench and wagged his tail, and kissed Ethel's yellow hair, and even tried to kiss her mouth, into which the cooky was disappearing in delicious nibbles.

'Please, Toby!' said Ethel, as Toby's pink nose came suspiciously near the brown cooky.

Toby grew even more demonstrative.

'Go away, Toby, you bad dog!' said Ethel, giving him a little push.

Toby looked surprised. Ethel didn't usually call him a bad dog. Perhaps if he tried a little harder——

This time the nose not only came near the cooky, but came right down on the cooky, and the next minute Ethel held in her hand a poor little brown scrap, with the marks of Toby's teeth on the edge, and there were brown cooky crumbs on Toby's pink nose.

'Oh, you dreffful dog! You bad Toby!' and Ethel's hand came down with all its might right on Toby's nose and the cooky crumbs. Then she wrinkled up her own nose and scowled hard, with her blue eyes like twin thunderclouds, and her red mouth all twisted up until it didn't look one bit like Ethel's mouth.

Poor Toby! He turned his head away and looked very sad. He hadn't known that the cooky was not for him. And this frowning little Ethel was not the same Ethel he knew so well and loved so much—the Ethel who called him 'my nice doggie' and 'good Toby.'

It was just then that father came by with his kodak. Ethel, still scowling, did not see him until 'snap' went the shutter, and the sun had made a picture on the film inside. Then father came over and sat down on the bench.

'Now,' he said, 'if I were a little girl and had a cooky, and a Toby dog came along and wanted a bite, I'd break off a little piece. But if I were the Toby dog, and the little girl didn't offer me any cooky, I'd do as Toby did this morning.'

Ethel thought it over. Then she put her arms around Toby's neck and kissed the poor nose.

A few days later father showed Ethel a picture of a little girl and a little dog sitting on a bench.

'Oh, yes,' said Ethel, 'that's the day Toby was naughty. Here's your picture, Toby dear.'

But I wonder what Toby thought?

From Every Nation.

Jimmy-Boy had always gone to a private school, where only a few little boys and girls, and those, too, living almost on his own street, had gone. But when he came to visit Aunt Helen and grandmother, Aunt Helen said she didn't know of any private school where they would take so big a boy, and besides it wouldn't do Jimmy-Boy (who was getting spoiled) any harm to go to public school and meet other boys.

The first day that he went to school Jimmy-Boy came home with his nose up in disgust.

'I didn't like it a bit, Auntie,' he said. 'There's all kinds of boys go to that school. There's a Jew boy, and an Italian boy, and a darky boy, and I think I like just American boys best.'

'O, indeed,' said Auntie, 'and perhaps the little Italian boy is just as homesick in this cold country as he can be, and wishes he was back in his own warm Italy; and perhaps the little Jew boy has been driven out of his own country by wicked men, and had to come to America to save his life. When you come to know the little boys you will find them much like little American boys in their hearts, and in what they like and don't like.'

Jimmy-Boy looked as if he didn't quite believe what Auntie said, but time went on, and after he had been at school about a month he raced home from school one day, with his face all aglow with delight, and rushed into the room where Auntie Helen and grandmother were, and flinging himself onto Aunt Helen said,

'You were all right, Auntie, the little Italian boy's name is Pietro, and he's awful homesick, and he didn't know how to play any of our games nor how to skate. And somebody lent him a pair of skates, and we were all skating at recess on the meadow, and the other boys were laughing at him, and I said, "I'll come over and help you, Pietro," and I did, and I showed him how to skate, and honest, Auntie, his heart is just like mine or Dannie Meyer's. And he said "Thank a you" awfully nice and funny.'—'Child's Hour.'

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What Alcohol Does to the Brain.

(Continued from page 2.)

'To put it another way, the "alcoholic" is a man who is mortgaging his heritage of life energy, who is discounting nature's promissory notes at a ruinous percentage. Alcoholism is simply premature old age, and instead of extending the joy of life to its natural limit, the alcoholic is having all his fun at once.

'Mind you, though, these burned out brains are not peculiar to the abuse of alcoholic stimulants. Overwork, long continued excitement, continued worry—all these things will bring about the same result. But alcoholic insanity is so fearfully common because drinking is more popular than working or worrying.

'Contrary to the lapse of the functions in normal old age, in which the brain is the last organ to be affected, the break-down through alcohol is manifest first of all in the high domain of the intellect. It is a law of nature that the last and most complex attributes which evolution has developed in man are the first to become perverted by vicious living. Therefore you will notice that the first symptoms of alcoholic insanity are to be found in a dulling of the moral sense, the sense of obligation to one's self and to others.

'Indeed, any man may tell when he is beginning to become an "alcoholic." He need not worry so much when his hand loses its steadiness at times or when his eyes water easily and there come purple veins in his nose, or his liver gets balky. These things can be cured by removing their cause. But when he finds that he procrastinates in the performance of small duties, such as answering letters, or that he tells small lies because they are easier than the truth, or that he promises readily and fulfils tardily or not at all—then let him have a care. Insanity is spinning her web about his brain.

'Sometimes the other more purely intellectual faculties, such as the power to reason, the ready wit, the grasp of business or professional affairs, will survive years of this eclipse of the finer sense of right and wrong; but they are none the less doomed to be "burnt out." For with the collapse of the ethical functions King Barleycorn comes into his own, and, moral obligations being no longer sensed, the "alcoholic" continues merrily on his way to the crowded asylum.

'The brain is closely analogous to the firmament of the night sky, with its millions upon millions of stars, planets and constellations, which, co-ordinating one with another, system within system, make for a universal balance and harmony, resulting, on our planet at least, in what we call life. The nerve centres of the brain are its stars, planets and constellations. Destroy one of these before its time and you have disturbed the balance and co-ordination of all. And that is insanity; and what you have seen under the microscope are the dead stars of the mental firmament.

'It is incumbent upon every man to try to keep in the class of those who are fit to survive, and so pass on to posterity his legacy of resistance, that more of his sort may live to carry on the work. So, remember to keep your power-house running in such a way that your fuses don't burn out and paralyze your system.'

'And while I am on this topic I want to say a parting word; I wish to heartily indorse the idea of a farm labor colony for inebriates. The city should acquire a tract of land of ample acreage where victims of alcoholism could get the incalculable benefit of outdoor employment far from the temptations of the city streets. Under present conditions there is no room in the psychopathic ward for those patients who are safely convalescing from an attack of alcoholism. Nor can they be legally detained either there or in an asylum, and so must be turned adrift to face temptation all over again. If there were a municipal farm to which the courts might commit these cases, the "fresh air" cure would work mightily to make useful citizens of these pitiable products of the drink evil.'

Victorian India Orphan Society.

SOME RESULTS OF OUR WORK.

Contributed by the Rec.-Sec., V.I.O.S.

'Ye are building, and best of all, building for eternity,' were the significant words uttered by a speaker at one of the meetings of the Victoria India Orphan Society.

It has occurred to us that it might be interesting to those who for years have contributed so faithfully toward the support of orphan children, to know something about the building process—that has been going on silently but surely—in the hearts and lives of the children, under the wise guidance of the missionaries Dr. Margaret O'Hara and the Rev. Frank Russell.

In Dr. O'Hara's letters which are read at the monthly meetings, we are told something of the loyalty and devotion of these Bheel children toward their teachers and their gratitude to the friends in the home land for the opportunity of obtaining an education, and being brought into contact with those who love the Lord Jesus—through whose instrumentality, wayward girls and boys have developed into self-sacrificing followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

The marvellous spiritual awakening which swept over a portion of India about a year ago, reached our Orphanage, and many of the children were led to give their lives to the Saviour's keeping—the seed of the kingdom fell upon good soil—carefully prepared by our devoted missionaries. Some of the girls go into the hospitals to tell the story of redeeming love and sing gospel hymns to sick ones, others have established Christian homes from which will radiate a light to brighten other lives and bring hope and joy to many who would otherwise remain in darkness. The girls are taught cooking and sewing and general housework, they learn quickly and are very helpful and obedient. The boys learn gardening and industrial occupations, such as carpentry, blacksmithing, etc.

Our society, through the liberality of Christian friends, have raised about sixteen hundred dollars toward the industrial fund—this is aside from the monthly remittance of one hundred dollars, which is forwarded regularly to Dhar. We would like to make our contribution toward the industrial fund—up to three thousand dollars—to assist in providing buildings and suitable equipment, as it means so much to these young converts to be provided with useful crafts and occupations which will enable them to become self-sustaining, and any friends desirous of assisting this worthy enterprise may forward their gifts to the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. T. Taylor, 205 Maryland street, Winnipeg.

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..HOUSEHOLD..

Home.

(F'oyd D. Raze, in the M. C. 'Advocate.')

A few old pictures on the wall,
Chromos and reprints, these are all;
A clean, but hard and barren floor,
A few old chairs, a stove as poor,
A table and but little more—
Yes, this is home.

Aye, this is home; more truly so
Than many a mansion built for show
Where well the stranger's eye can trace,
By every sign about the place,
The presence of fantastic grace—
Yes, this is home;

And home, though one can see, indeed,
A semblance of the form of need;
For though no luxury bequeath
To those within her golden wreath,
No 'golden sorrow' lurks beneath,
And this is home.

For home is not in granite wall,
Nor art, nor luxury, nor all
The glittering robes that pomp may wear
To hide the signet of despair—
Where love is, home is ever there,
Aye, there is home.

Our Little Ones.

Blessed is the man in whose home the music of children's voices is heard. All the nobler interests of life begin when God puts one of these little ones into our hands. Its eyes and hands can reach the inner springs of your being. They can compel you, strong man, all helpless as they are to gird yourself for a toil which is your sweetest rest, if these little ones are fed by it, if they grow fair and strong, and rain the sunlight of their joyous glances on your home as your rich reward. Many a hard line which the world has traced, and many a stain of the dust and sweat of its battle which your day's cares and toils have left upon your spirit, get wiped away ere night-fall by a tiny hand—all is made soft and bright again as the little ones gather round your knee by the home fireside. These little ones! Take heed that ye despise them not.—'Great Thoughts.'

'Now is the Day of Salvation.'

(Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.)

In all efforts to exert that power that we know as 'will' there is one fact that we must keep constantly in mind, and that is that there is no time like the present. The ministers have told us again and again that 'now is the day of salvation,' and the realization that 'now' is the best time to begin to do all the things that we want to do will help us to accomplish wonders that we could never perform if we were addicted to habits of procrastination.

Let us imagine, for example, that we have been accustomed to drink too much liquor, to eat too much, or eat too rapidly. Suppose that we have been smoking too much, have become used to letting our temper get the better of us, or have been associating with people that common sense tells us we ought to avoid. We make up our minds that we will 'cut out' these things that we ought not to do, and will begin to do the things that we ought to do, and yet, as many of us know, we frequently put off beginning this reformative process until, finally, we let go altogether. In nearly every instance where this occurs the trouble is that the act of reforming did not date from the very moment that the determination to change the mode of living was formed in the mind.

This mental process that we call the power of the will is a very peculiar force in life. In some respects it corresponds in its manifesta-

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tions of strength to the muscles of the physical body. We know that if we really desire to develop these muscles of the body it is quite possible for us to do so. To accomplish this purpose, however, we cannot sit down and think about it to the exclusion of all action. Not only must we think that we want to increase our physical strength, but we must act in the matter. There are methods of procedure that, when followed literally, will enable us to practically remold our physical bodies. To accomplish such a physical regeneration, however, means lots of hard work in addition to the mental energy necessary, not only to start us going but to keep us going until the desired end has been attained.

And this will power of ours—these mental muscles—can be developed in quite a similar manner; yet, like the physical muscles, the mental longing for regeneration alone will not bring the strength desired. Instead, we must begin immediately to alter the conditions that we desire to correct. No man ever succeeded in overcoming the liquor habit until he actually stopped drinking. However good his intentions may have been, the act of weakness exhibited in taking 'just one more drink' invariably frustrated his ambitions.

This, too, is entirely in accord with the law governing such matters, for every time that the desire to reform is postponed until another day the power of the will is weakened and the actual change becomes correspondingly difficult. Every time we put off a good purpose because of some trifling excuse we take just so much power away from the mental muscles or the will.

At the same time, there are lots of people who are getting themselves into all kinds of trouble through these habits of procrastination, for even the less consequential acts of life may exert a very deleterious effect if they exhibit a lack of determination in carrying out the course intended. To take one of the commonest of all methods of weakening the will—even the inability to do or not to do the simplest things that we have determined to perform acts as a weakening force upon these mental faculties. As one illustration, we might take our habits of reading. How many of us are guilty of making the mental resolve to stop such reading at the next page, or the next chapter, and then go on for another hour without stopping! But this little thing can't do any harm, you say! Oh, but it does do harm, for the only way in which we can strengthen the mental muscles is by getting into the habit of doing precisely what we have determined to do, and the slightest deflection from this rule will have exactly the same effect as though the matter in question was of far greater consequence. In other words, when you say that you will do anything, do it, no matter how difficult it may be to stop at the moment you have appointed. If you are playing some game, and you have determined that you will stop at a certain time—stop, regardless of the consequences. If there is some household duty to be performed and you have agreed with yourself that it shall be done at a certain time, see to it that this resolve is carried out, for it is in this way, and this way alone, that you can add materially to the force of will that is so necessary to your welfare.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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